

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

VOLUME 1.

GRAND HAVEN, MICHIGAN, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1851.

NUMBER 8.

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING, BY
HARRIS & ANGEL.

Office over H. Griffin's Store, Washington Street.

TERMS.—Payment in Advance.

Taken at the office, or forwarded by Mail, \$1.00.
Delivered by the Carrier in the Village, 1.50.
One shilling in addition to the above will be
charged for every three months that payment is
delayed.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are
paid, except at the discretion of the publishers.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

One Square, (12 lines or less,) first insertion, fifty
cents, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent
insertion. Legal advertisements at the rates pre-
scribed by law. Yearly or monthly advertisements
as follows:

| | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 square 1 month, \$1.00. | 1 square 1 year, \$5.00. |
| 1 " 3 " 2.00. | 1 column 1 " 20.00. |
| 1 " 6 " 3.00. | 1 " 1 month, 5.00. |

Advertisements unaccompanied with writ-
ten or verbal directions, will be published until or-
dered out, and charged for. When a postponement
is added to an advertisement, the whole will be
charged the same as for the first insertion.

Letters relating to business, to receive at-
tention, must be addressed to the publishers—post
paid.

Particular attention given to Blank Print-
ing. Most kinds of Blanks in use, will be kept
constantly on hand.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY—1851.

C. DAVIS & CO. Dealers in Dry Goods, Groce-
ries, Provisions, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and
Shoes, &c., &c. Muskegon, Michigan.

C. B. ALBEE. Storage, Forwarding and Com-
mission Merchant, and Dealer in Dry Goods,
Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and Shoes,
&c., &c. Flour and Salt constantly on hand.—
Store, corner Washington and Water streets.
Grand Haven, Mich.

HENRY R. WILLIAMS. Storage, Forwarding
and Commission Merchant, also Agent for the
Steamer Algoma. Store House at Grand
Rapids, Kent Co., Mich.

BALL & MARTIN. Storage, Forwarding and
Commission Merchants. Grand Rapids, Michi-
gan.

GILBERT & CO. Storage, Forwarding and
Commission Merchants, and dealers in Produce,
Lumber, Shingles, Staves &c., &c. Grand Ha-
ven, Michigan.

F. B. GILBERT. Dealer in Dry Goods, Cloth-
ing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Crockery
and Stone Ware, Hard Ware, Groceries, Provis-
ions and Ship Stores. Grand Haven, Michigan.

HENRY GRIFFIN. Dealer in Staple and fan-
cy Dry Goods, Ready made Clothing, Boots and
Shoes, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery and Glass,
Drugs, Chemicals, Medicines, Paints and Oils,
and Provisions. Also, Lumber, Shingles, &c. &c.
Opposite the Washington House, Grand Haven,
Michigan.

WILLIAM M. FERRY. Dealer in Dry Goods,
Hardware, Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Med-
icines, Boots and Shoes. Also, Manufacturer and
dealer in Lumber. Water street, Grand Haven,
Michigan.

HOPKINS & BROTHERS. Storage, Forwarding
& Commission merchants; general dealers in all
kinds of Dry Goods, Groceries, grain and provis-
ions; manufacturers and dealers wholesale and
retail in all kinds of lumber, at Mill Point, Mich.

L. M. S. SMITH. Dealer in Drugs, Medicines,
Paints, Oils and Dye Stuffs, Dry Goods, Groce-
ries and Provisions, Crockery, Hardware, Books,
Stationery, &c., &c. At the Post Office, corner
of Park and Barber streets, Mill Point, Mich.

H. D. C. TUTTLE. M. D. Office, adjoining
Wm. M. Ferry's Store, Water street, Grand Ha-
ven, Michigan.

STEPHEN MONROE. Physician and Surgeon.
Office over T. Davis' Tailor Shop. Washing-
ton Street, Grand Haven.

LEVI SHACKLETON. Wholesale and Retail
dealer in Groceries, Provisions and Liquors.—
First door above H. Pennoyer's. Washington
Street, Grand Haven, Michigan.

SIMON SIMENOE. Dealer in Groceries and
Provisions. Washington Street, second door
East of the Ottawa House.

WASHINGTON HOUSE. By HENRY PENNOYER.
The proprietor has the past Spring new-
ly fitted and partly re-furnished this House,
and feels confident visitors will find the House
to compare favorably with the best in the State.

WILLIAM TELL, HOTEL. By HARRY FA-
ROX. Pleasantly situated with excellent rooms
well furnished, and the table abundantly sup-
plied with the luxuries and substantial of life.

JAMES PATTERSON. Painter and Glazier.
House, Sign, and Ornamental Painting done at
Grand Haven. All orders will be promptly at-
tended to, by leaving word at this office. Shop at
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

WILLIAM ORIEL. Boot and Shoemaker.—
Boots and Shoes neatly repaired, and all orders
promptly attended to. Washington street, Grand
Haven, Michigan.

A. H. VREDENBURG. Boot and Shoemaker.
Shop over Wm. M. Ferry's store, Water street.

CHARLES W. HATHAWAY. Blacksmith. All
kinds of work in my line done with neatness and
dispatch at my shop. Mill Point, Michigan.

JOHN T. DAVIS. Merchant Tailor. Shop on
Washington Street, first door west of H. Grif-
fin's Store.

GROSVENOR REED. Prosecuting Attorney for
Ottawa County. Residence at Charleston
Landing, Allendale, Ottawa County, Mich.

HOYT G. POST. Clerk of Ottawa County. Of-
fice over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-
ington House.

WILLIAM N. ANGEL. Register of Deeds, and
Notary Public for Ottawa County. Office over
H. Griffin's store, Washington street, opposite the
Washington House, Grand Haven.

HENRY PENNOYER. Treasurer of Ottawa
County. Office over H. Griffin's Store, opposite
the Washington House.

ASA A. SCOTT. Sheriff of Ottawa County.—
Office over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-
ington House.

I. O. O. F. Regular meetings of Ottawa Lodge
No. 46, is held every Wednesday evening, at their
Lodge Room in the Attic of the Washington
House. Members of the Order are cordially in-
vited to attend. Grand Haven, Ottawa Co., Mich.

W. M. Rowland's seven foot mill saws, with teeth
filed for use, of "Ferry's Pattern" for sale by
Wm. M. FERRY.

DREAM OF SUMMER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Bland as the morning breath of June
The south-west breezes play;
And, through its haze, the winter noon
Seems warm as summer's day.
The snow-plumed angel of the north
Has dropped his icy spear;
Again the mossy earth looks forth,
Again the streams gush clear.

The fox his hill-side cell forsakes—
The muskrat leaves his nook.
The blue bird in the meadow brakes
Is singing with the brook.
"Bear up, O mother nature!" cry
Bird, breeze and streamlet free,
"Our winter voices prophesy
Of summer days to thee!"

So in those winters of the soul,
By bitter blasts and drear
O'er swept from memory's frozen pole,
Will sunny days appear,
Reviving hope and faith, they show
The soul its living powers,
And how beneath the winter's snow
Lie gems of summer flowers!

The night is mother of the day,
The winter of the spring,
And ever upon old decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks—
Through showers the sunbeams fall!
For God, who loveth all his works
Has left his Hope with all!

A SPANISH BULL FIGHT.

One day Don Philippe insisted upon taking
us to witness a bull-fight, which was about to
take place, and which it was reported, the queen
herself was expected to attend. This was a
spectacle we had never yet beheld, and our cu-
riosity was therefore aroused to the highest pos-
sible pitch of excitement. Visions of blood float-
ed before our fancy, and flashing steel gleamed
across our sight. Anxiety stood on tip-toe, and
the moments flew slowly by, until the wished-for
hour arrived. We left the business of secur-
ing seats in the arena to Philippe, who by early
application, succeeded in obtaining for us as el-
ligible positions for witnessing the spectacle as
we could reasonably desire. The critical mo-
ment was now at hand, our hearts almost leap-
ed from our mouths, so deeply were we excited
in contemplation of the sanguinary event. At
length the trumpets sounded, and forthwith en-
tered, in martial array, the entire body of com-
batants, gayly dressed, and presenting together
a most striking and brilliant effect. Marching
to the opposite side of the ring, they respect-
fully bowed to the appointed authorities, and then
took their places, in complete readiness for ac-
tion. At a given signal, a small iron gate was
suddenly opened, and in an instant a furious bull
bounded frantically into the arena; and then, as
if petrified with astonishment at the wonderful
scene around him, he stood motionless for a few
seconds, staring wildly at the immense assembly
and pawing vehemently the ground beneath his
feet. It was a solemn and critical moment, and
I can truly say that I never before experienced
such an intense degree of curiosity and interest.

My feelings were wound up to the highest pitch
of excitement, and I can scarcely believe that
even that terrible human tragedy, a bloody gla-
diatorial scene could have affected me more deep-
ly. The compressed fury of the bull lasted but
an instant: suddenly his glaring eye caught the
sight of a red flag, which one of the *chulos*, or
foot combatants, had waved before him, and im-
mediately he rushed after his nimble adversary,
who evaded his pursuit by jumping skillfully
over the lower inclosure of the ring. The her-
culean animal, thus balked in his rage, next
plunged desperately toward one of the *picadores*,
or mounted horsemen, who calmly and fearlessly
awaited his approach, and then turned off his
attack by the masterly management of his long
and steel-capped pike. Thwarted once more in
his purpose, he became still more frantic than
before, while his low and suppressed roar, ex-
pressive of the concentrated passion and rage
which burned within him, sounded like distant
thunder to my ears. Half closing his eyes, and
lowering his formidable horns, he darted again
at one of the *picadores*, and with such tremen-
dous power, that he completely unhorsed him.
Then shouts of applause from the spectators
filled the arena: "Bravo toro!" "Viva toro!"
and other exclamations of encouragement for
the bull broke from every mouth. The *picador*
lost no time in springing to his feet and re-
mounting his horse, which, however, could scarcely
stand, so weak was the poor creature from the
stream of blood issuing from the deep
wound in his breast. As soon as the enraged
bull, whose attention had been purposely with-
drawn by the *chulos*, beheld his former adver-
sary now crimsoned with gore, he rushed at him
with the most terrific fury, and, thrusting his
horns savagely into the lower part of the totter-
ing animal, he almost raised him from his feet,
and so lacerated and tore open his abdomen, that
his bowels gushed out upon the ground. Un-
able any longer to sustain himself, the pitiable
animal fell down in the awful agonies of death,
and in a few moments expired. Two other hor-
ses shortly shared the same miserable fate, and
their mangled bodies were lying covered with
blood, in the centre of the arena. The bull him-
self was now becoming perceptibly exhausted,
and his own end was drawing nigh. For the
purpose of stimulating and arousing into mo-
mentary action his rapidly-waning strength, the
assailants on foot attacked him with bared darts,
called *banderillos*, which they thrust with skill
into each side of his brawny neck. Sometimes
these little javelins are charged with a prepared
powder, which explodes the instant that the
sharp steel sinks into the flesh. The torture
thus produced drives the wretched animal to the
extreme of madness, who bellows and bounds
in his agony, as if endued with the energy of a
new life.

On the present occasion, the arrows used were
not of an explosive character yet they served
scarcely less effectually to enrage the furious
monster. But hark! the last trumpet is sound-
ing the awful death-knell of the warrior-
beast. The ring becomes instantly cleared, and
the foaming animal stands motionless and alone,
sole monarch of the arena. But the fiat has
gone forth, and the doom of death is impending
over him. The *matador* enters the ring by a

secret door, and after bowing to the president,
and throwing down his cap in token of respect,
slowly and deliberately approaches his terrific
adversary, who stands as if enchained to the spot
by a consciousness of the fearful destiny that
awaits him. The *matador*, undismayed by the
ferocious aspect of the bull, cautiously advan-
ces, with his eyes fixed firmly and magneti-
cally upon him; a bright Toledo blade glistens in
his right hand, while in his left he carries the
muleta, or crimson flag, with which to exasper-
ate the declining spirit of his foe. An intense
stillness reigns throughout the vast assemblage,
the most critical point of the tragedy is at hand,
and every glance is riveted upon the person and
movements of the *matador*. A single fatal
thrust may launch him into eternity, yet no ex-
pression of fear escapes him; cool, and self-pos-
sessed, he stands before his victim, studious of
every motion, and ready to take advantage of any
chance.

It is this wonderful display of skill and brave-
ry that fascinates the attention of a Spanish au-
dience, and not the shedding of blood or the suf-
ferings of the animal, which are as much lost
sight of in the excitement of the moment as the
gasping of a fish or the quivering of a worm up-
on the hook is disregarded by the humane disci-
ple of Isaac Walton. The bull and *matador*, as
motionless as if carved in marble, present a fear-
fully artistic effect. At length, like an electric
flash, the polished steel of the *matador* flies in
the air, and descends with tremendous force into
the neck of the doomed animal, burying itself in
the flesh, even up to the hilt. The blow is well
made, and from the mouth of the bull a torrent
of blood gushes forth in a crimson stream; he
staggers, drops on his knees, recovers himself
for an instant, and then falls dead at the feet of
his conqueror, amid the tumultuous plaudits of
the excited throng of spectators.

Such is a slight sketch of a Spanish bull-fight.
The impression made upon our minds by the
first representation was so deeply tinged with
horror that we resolved never to attend another,
though it is but fair to state that this good res-
olution, like many others we have made in our
lives, was eventually overcome by temptations.
[Harper's Magazine.]

THE SIMOON.—The effects of the Simoon are
instant suffocation to every living creature that
happens to be within the sphere of its activity,
and immediate putrefaction of the carcasses of
the dead. The Arabians discern its approach
by an unusual redness in the air, and they say
that they feel and smell of sulphur as it passes.
The only means by which any person can pre-
serve himself from suffering by these noxious
blasts, is by throwing himself down, with his
face upon the earth, till this whirlwind of poi-
sonous exhalation has passed over, which always
moves at a certain height in the atmosphere.—
Instinct even teaches the brutes to incline their
heads to the ground on these occasions.

The Arabs of the desert call these winds *se-
mum* or *poison*, and the Turks *shamylaw* or
wind of Syria, from which is formed *samuel*.—
Their heat is sometimes so excessive, that it is
difficult to form any idea of its violence, with-
out having experienced it; but it may be com-
pared to the heat of a large oven at the mo-
ment of drawing out the bread. When these
winds begin to blow, the atmosphere assumes
an alarming aspect. The sky, at other
times so clear in this climate, becomes dark
and heavy; and the sun loses his splendor, and
appears of violet color. The air is not cloudy,
but grey and thick, and is in fact filled with an
extremely subtle dust which penetrates every-
where. This wind, always light and rapid, is
not at first remarkably hot, but increases in heat
in proportion as it continues. All animated bod-
ies soon discover it, by the change it produces
in them. The lungs, which a too refined air no
longer expands, are contracted, and become
painful. Respiration is short and difficult,
parched and dry, the body is consumed by an
internal heat. In vain is recourse had to large
draughts of water; nothing can restore perspi-
ration. In vain is coolness sought for; all bod-
ies in which it is usual to find it, deceive the
hand that touches them. Marble, iron, water,
notwithstanding the sun no longer appears, are
hot. The streets are deserted, and the dead si-
lence of night reigns everywhere. The inhabi-
tants of cities and villages shut themselves
up in their houses, and those of the desert in
their tents, or in pits they dig, where they wait
the termination of the destructive heat. It usu-
ally lasts three days, but if exceeds that time it
becomes insupportable. Wo to the traveler
whom this wind surprises remote from shelter!
he must suffer all its dreadful consequences,
which sometimes are mortal. The danger is
most imminent when it blows in squalls, for the
rapidity of the wind increases the heat to such
a degree as to cause sudden death. This death
is real suffocation; the lungs being empty, are
convulsed, the circulation disordered, and the
whole mass of the blood driven by the heat to-
wards the head and breast; whence that hem-
orrhage at the nose and mouth which happens
after death. The wind is especially fatal to per-
sons of a plethoric habit, and those in whom fa-
tigue has destroyed the muscles and the vessels.

The corpse remains a long time warm, swells,
turns blue, and is easily separated; all of which
are signs of that putrid fermentation which takes
place in animal bodies when the humors be-
come stagnant. These accidents are to be
avoided by stopping the nose and mouth with
handkerchiefs; an efficacious method is that
likewise by the camels, who bury their noses
in the sand and keep them there till the storm
is over.

Another quality of this wind is extreme ar-
idity; which is such, that water sprinkled on the
floor evaporates in a few minutes. By this ex-
treme dryness, it withers and strips all the
plants; and by exhaling too suddenly the eman-
ations from animal bodies, crisps the skin, closes
the pores, and causes that feverish heat which
is the invariable effect of suppressed perspi-
ration.

"Do you see that fellow lounging there do-
ing nothing?" said Owen to Jenkins, the other
day. "Yes, how does he live?" "Why, he is a
cannibal, he lives on other people."

FROM THE BRITISH POSSESSIONS.—A voyager
from Selkirk, James McKay, a very intelligent
and noble specimen of a Northman, arrived here
on Saturday, twenty days from Selkirk. He
brought down Capt. V. Foss of the British Ar-
my, who has been three years at Fort Gray, and
now returns to England. They came with two
Red River carts and six horses. The crops at
Red River looked remarkably well when they
left. The spring had been earlier than usual.
There had not been excess of rain nor high wa-
ters, like those of last season. They raise
large crops of barley, oats, spring wheat, pota-
toes, cabbages, turnips, beets, melons, onions,
and all kinds of garden vegetables, that grow
in temperate latitudes. The corn crop is not
relied upon—it is a precarious crop, though raised
in every garden for table use.

The Scotch Presbyterians are erecting a
church building. They expect a Clergyman
from Canada. Mr. McKay will take him up.
He is expected here shortly.

The population of Selkirk Settlement is a-
bout 7000, excluding Indians. They enjoy
good health and are rapidly improving in cir-
cumstances. Capt. Ross thinks that if the fa-
cilities for emigration to that region were great-
er, that the population would increase rapidly
from that source. The ice in the rivers disap-
peared early in April. They planted early in May.
They usually have frosts till the first of June,
and again in September. The season is long
enough to fully mature the crop. Their rivers
usually freeze over by the middle of November.

The Oregon emigrating Company, which left
here some weeks ago, started from Selkirk on
the 21st of June—were all in good health—had
enjoyed a pleasant trip—were pleased with the
route. At Selkirk, they procured horses, carts
and provisions. They intended to follow James
Sinclair's route to the head waters of the Co-
lumbia River. They will there dispose of their
horses and carts, and go down the river in can-
oes to Oregon City. This is represented to
be the most pleasant overland route yet discov-
ered to the Pacific, as well as the most expedi-
tious. If it were more generally known, there
would be a large amount of travel by that route.

The site of Pembina is about to be abandon-
ed; it being too much exposed to high water.
A new town, another *Saint*, town of St. Jo-
sephs, has been laid out by Mr. Kittson, partner
in the fur company, in a beautiful situation, at the
foot of the Pembina mountains, about thirty
miles from Pembina. Some buildings have al-
ready been erected—in all completed and in pro-
cess of building, about a dozen. Mr. Kittson
has a store there, and the Rev. Mr. Belcourt his
residence and chapel.

W. Ross Esq., Sheriff of Selkirk, and a
merchant there, arrived on Friday. He goes to
St. Louis to purchase goods. Also the Rev.
Mr. Smithers, Episcopal Missionary at Upper
Lake Winnipeg, who has been there twelve
years, and now returns to England.

A late number of half breeds, from the British
side of the line, have crossed over to the
American side, for the purpose of being ready
to treat with Gov. Ramsey for the sale of the
Pembina lands. Thus Uncle Sam will have a
chance to buy American lands of British half-
breeds—men of straw, enticed there by the
American Fur Company, as a ruse to get mon-
ey out of the public treasury. H. H. Sibley
& Co., have great sympathy for these "impor-
ted" Pembinees, and Gov. Ramsey, so far as
the Fur Company is interested, is just the man
to make a treaty with them.

The great Red River Caravan will be here on
Thursday or Friday. It consists of 102 carts
laden with buffalo skins, mocassins, leggings,
coats, ornaments and curiosities, made by the
half breeds of Selkirk—and a premium which
is a dried hash of buffalo meat, lean and fat
mixed, a choice dish among the Indians.

Heretofore the people of Selkirk have had
but two or three mails a year from the civilized
world. They have now, (since the 1st of Ju-
ly,) a monthly mail from St. Paul, via Pem-
bina. Our intercourse with them must become
more intimate, as we have no doubt it will be
mutually pleasant and profitable.
[Minnesota Democrat.]

CAUGHT A TAHTAR.—Soon after the revolu-
tionary war, a brave Yankee officer, a former
captain in the service, happened to be at St. Pe-
tersburg in Russia, and while there was invited
to dine at the table of a distinguished merchant.
There was a large number of guests at the ta-
ble and among the rest an English lady, who
was anxious to appear as one of the "knowing
ones." On understanding that an American was
sitting near her, she expressed to one of her
friends a determination to quiz him. She fast-
ened upon him like a tigress, making numerous
enquiries touching our habits, customs, dress,
manners, modes of life, education, amusements,
etc. To all these queries the officer gave cour-
teous answers, which seemed to satisfy all the
company with the exception of the lady herself.
She was determined not to be satisfied, and went
on. "Have the rich people in your country any
carriages? For I suppose there are some who
call themselves rich." "My residence" replied
the captain is in a small town upon an island,
where there are but few carriages kept; but in
larger towns and cities upon the main land there
are quite a number maintained, suited to repub-
lican manners." "Indeed?" replied his fair ques-
tioner, in a tone that was both interrogatory and
exclamatory: "I can't fancy where you find
coachmen: I shouldn't think the Americans
knew how to drive a coach." "We find no dif-
ficulty on that account, Madam," calmly replied
the captain; "we can have plenty of them by
sending to England for them." "To England!"
exclaimed the lady, speaking very quickly; "I
think the Americans ought to drive the English
instead of English driving the Americans."—
"We did, Madam in the late war," rejoined the
officer; "but since the peace we have permitted
the English to drive us!" "There was no more
quizzing" of our American during the dinner.
He waited in vain, like Sam. Weller in *Bardell*
vs. *Pickwick* for the next question.

Never give away to trifles; as there is no say-
ing how soon you may be called upon to give
way in matters of importance.

BUSINESS MEN.—Business men are every year
becoming more impressed with the fact that, to
build up a "trade," to increase their sales, or
even to retain their "old customers," they must
employ some method to keep themselves and
their wares constantly "before the people."—
Advertising exerts a controlling influence over
trade—is a method which every one can employ.
Dr. Johnson, in his "idler," says:

"Every man now knows a ready method of
informing the public all that he desires to sell
or buy, whether his wares be material or intel-
lectual—whether he makes clothes or teaches
the mathematics—whether he be a tutor that
wants a pupil, or a pupil that wants a teacher."

Essays have been written on the subject of
advertising and its importance to business men.
The fact, however, that almost every one can
see, in the wealth or trade of his neighbor, the
benefit resulting directly from advertising, out-
weighs all that has ever been written on the sub-
ject. The only question at issue is, the best
manner in which to advertise. The local Press
opens a wide door through which purchasers
may be reached; and business men of the cities,
by employing those Presses, are making inroads
on the trade of country dealers. V. B. Palmer,
for instance, is engaged by merchants to spread
their business before purchasers through the col-
umns of the local Press; and the fact that the
business of Country advertising is constantly in-
creasing, is sufficient evidence that the means
employed is effectual in securing the object de-
sired.

There are business men in our own village
who close their eyes to the importance of adver-
tising in the papers printed in their midst; but
they can not fail to see that those who do ad-
vertise derive benefit from their neglect—they
can not see their "old customers" trading at the
counter of a rival in business, and yet deny the
power of the agency employed to effect the
change.
[Newburgh Telegraph.]

THE DEATH OF FRIENDS.—Many whom we
dearly love are not with us now. The flowers
bloom upon their graves. A little while ago, and
they were with us young and happy; but alas!
the bloom faded from their cheeks—they sick-
ened and died. What were our feelings when
we looked upon their pale face for the last time,
and followed their beloved forms to the cold, si-
lent tomb! And Oh! when we heard the earth
fall upon their bosoms, how did our hearts
bleed! And then, to return home without them
and from day to day behold the vacant seat,
and with tearful eyes gaze again and again upon
some memento of the departed one. Yes, this
is sorrow! You, perhaps, have felt it in the loss
of one beloved. The flowers of spring now
bloom upon the grave of the dear departed.—
The birds sing sweetly there; but the quiet
sleeper hears not their song. And can it be
that the loved one is dead? Farewell you may
say, dear friend! Thou art where flowers im-
mortal bloom. Instead of the song of birds, thou
art listening to the song of angels. Again fare-
well! Thou hast entered the paradise of God.

PRAYER.—Ejunctatory prayer requires not the
sanctuary, the more retired circles, nor the closet;
although in either, it may, and ought to be
offered; but by the way-side, in the thronged
streets, amidst the cares of commerce and of
trade, or in the social enjoyment of life, it is not
only appropriate, but seems the only resort for
keeping up close communion between the soul
and heaven. A single wish of the inmost spirit,
a groan uttered, an unspoken sentence, a yearn-
ing of the heart directed to the throne above,
may reach the ear of him who never fails to
guard his tried and tempted ones; and bring the
blessing down just at the moment when the
blessing is most needed. Under the sudden in-
vasions of anger, envy, pride, love, covetousness,
revenge, despondency, let the heart go right up
in an instant to your great Leader, and there
shall come the needed help.

RELIGION THE SOUL OF FREEDOM.—Diminish
principle, and you increase the need of force in
a community. In this country, government
needs not the array of power, which you meet
in other nations; no guard of soldiers, no host
of spies, no vexatious regulations of police; but
it accomplishes its beneficent purposes by a few
unarmed judges and civil officers, and operates
so silently around us, and comes so seldom in
contact with us, that many of us enjoy its bless-
ings with hardly a thought of its existence; and
this is the perfection of freedom; and to what
do we owe this condition? I answer, to the
power of those laws which religion writes on
our hearts, which unite and concentrate public
opinion against injustice and oppression, which
spread a spirit of equity and good will through
the community. Thus religion is the soul of
freedom; and no nation under heaven has such
an interest in it as ourselves.
[Channing.]

Before you ask a man for a favor, consult the
weather. The same person that is as ugly as
sin while a cold rain is spitting against the
window-glass, will no sooner feel the gladden-
ing influence of a little quiet sunshine, than his
heart will expand like a rose-bud.

As the next thing to having wisdom ourselves,
is to profit by that of others; so the next thing
to having merit ourselves, is to take care that
the meritorious profit by us; for he that re-
wards the deserving, makes himself one of the
number.

It is every way creditable to handle the yard
stick and to measure tape; the only discredit
consists in having a soul whose range of tho't
is as short as the stick, and as narrow as the
tape.

Knowledge cannot be acquired without pains
and applications. It is troublesome, and like
deep digging for pure water; but when once
you come to the spring, they rise up and meet
you.

A chap from the country, who visited New-
port to "see the Fourth of July," entered a
hotel, and sat down to dinner. Upon the bill
of fare being presented to him by the waiter,
he remarked that he "didn't care 'bout readin'
now—he'd wait till after dinner."